The Canker-bloomes have full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roſes,
Hang on ſuch thornes, and play as wantonly,
When ſummers breath their masked buds diſcloſes:
But for their vertue onely in their ſhow,
They live unwoov'd, and unreſpected fade,
Die to themſelves. Sweet Roſes doe not ſo,
Of their ſweet deathes, are ſweeteſt odors made:
And ſo of you, beautions and lovely youth,
When that ſhall vade, by verſe diſtils your truth.

The force of love.

BEing your ſlave what ſhould I doe but tend,
Vpon the houres, and times of your deſire?
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to doe till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
Whilſt I (my ſoveraigne) watch the clock for you,
Nor thinke the bitterneſſe of abſence ſowre,
When you have bid your ſervant once adue.
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affaires ſuppoſe,
But like a ſad ſlave ſtay and thinke of nought
Save where you are, how happy you make thoſe.
So true a foole is love, that in your Will,
(Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.
That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought controule your times of pleaſure,

Or

Or at your hand th'account of houres to crave,
Being your vaſſaile bound to ſtay your leiſure.
Oh let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
Th'impriſon'd abſence of your libertie,
And patience tame, to ſufferance bide each che
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt, your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you your ſelfe may priviledge your time
To what you will, to you it doth belong,
Your ſelfe to pardon of ſelfe-doing crime.
I am to waite, though waiting ſo be hell,
Not blame your pleaſure be it ill or well.

The beautie of Nature.

IF there be nothing new, but that which is,
Hath beene before, how are our braines begu
Which labouring for invention beare amiſſe
The ſecond burthen of a former child?
O that record could with a back-ward looke,
Even of five hundreth courſes of the Sunne,
Show me your image in ſome antique booke,
Since mine at firſt in character was done.
That I might ſee what the old world could ſa
To this compoſed wonder of your frame,
Whether we are mended, or where better they
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
Oh ſure I am the wits of former dayes,
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring pr